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## THE OLD FAMILIAR STRAIN.

Sing me that old familiar strain  
Which touched my heart in boyhood's years,  
Before its chords were jarred by pain,  
Before its hopes were dimmed by tears.  
Time has fled since first I heard  
Its music from those lips of love;  
But I remember it in each word;  
So sing once more, oh! Mary mine,  
The old familiar strain.  
Thine eyes have their soft radiance kept,  
That won my heart in life's young spring;  
And o'er thy beauty Time hath swept,  
Gentle, with light and charmed wing;  
Unaltered is thy graceful form,  
The trusting heart is still the same,  
Keeping those true affections warm  
As when, before I dreamed of fame,  
You sang me that old strain.  
Yes, sing! as in those golden hours  
When life and love and hope were young—  
When fancy strewed our path with flowers—  
Oh! sing the strain that then you sung!  
Thou madest sweet music in that time,  
Ere grief or trials we had known,  
When first you sang in youthful prime,  
In melody's bewitching tone,  
The old familiar strain.

## THE TEMPTATION.

WILLIAM CARTER arose from a bed of fitful and uneasy slumber. The night had been cold and windy, such a night as December usually brings among the hills of New Hampshire. William's bed was hard and the cold wind found its way through many a crack and crevice in his roomy cottage, but he might have slept in his ruinous cottage, for his mind was a delicate woman, full and warm, and he lay all night, moaning with pain, and shivering with cold.  
William arose, I said, and having kindled a fire, went forth into the open air. The clouds were black and heavy, and the winds swept in gusts through the naked trees. Away in the distance, the tops of the mountains were already white with snow. He had engaged a day's work on a neighboring farm, but it was useless to go—the farmer would not work that day; so he turned with a heavy step, and entered his cheerless dwelling. The children were soon stirring, and the pale suffering mother rose from her restless couch, to prepare the morning meal. A few potatoes were boiled for the father and children, and a cup of gruel prepared for herself.  
William Carter and his wife had seen better days; but sickness and misfortune, the fraud of some, and the cruelty of others, had driven them forth from their pleasant home, where he had spent the strength of his early manhood to purchase, and forced them to take shelter in their present miserable abode. They were Christians, and had hitherto borne up under the crushing weight of their afflictions, with a meek and quiet spirit. Looking forward to that bright hereafter, they had suffered patiently, knowing that these afflictions are but for a moment, and the glory which shall be revealed eternal.  
It had long been William Carter's practice to assemble his family in the morning, to hear the blessed truths of inspiration and to bow before the Mercy seat of Heaven. That morning the children seated themselves as usual, and Mrs. Carter brought forth the Bible, and laid it before her husband. Moving it away, he said, "I cannot read or pray. I have no faith, and what is not faith is sin," and rising, he seated himself at the table. The children looked up with astonishment.  
"What is the matter, father?" said little Alice, pressing closely to his chair. Why don't you ask God for our daily bread?  
A tear stole silently down the mother's cheek as she took her place with her family around the scanty board.  
"Why can't we have some bread and butter," said little James, a child six years old, pushing away the potato which was offered him. We used to have bread and pies, and I don't want potatoes all the time.  
An expression of agony passed over the father's face. A torrent of bitter feelings were rushing through his heart—murdering against Providence—rejoicings at his lot—unbelief in God.  
"Why should my children want for bread, while others have enough and to spare?" he exclaimed. "Have I not labored honestly, but where is the blessing which God has promised to them that trust in him?" The man, who, by exertion and violence, has taken away our rights, lives in plenty and ease, while I and mine must pine with hunger and cold."  
"Do not arraign the justice and the wisdom of God," said Mrs. Carter, wiping away her tears, and looking tenderly on her husband—Our Heavenly Father will not suffer us to be tempted nor afflicted beyond what we are able to bear.  
"It is the memory of my wrongs—of your wrongs, rather—for myself I do not care—which is gnawing my heart, and maddening my brain. If there is a God, why does he suffer the rich to oppress the poor, and the strong to crush the weak? I sometimes feel like taking justice into my own hands, and with my own arm avenging my cause."  
"Let me not see you thus, my husband—throw not away faith, with its memory of past blessings, and its hopes for the future. We have received good at the hand of the Lord—many times has he made our cup to overflow; and shall we murmur and blindly accuse his justice, if he suffer the tempter to beat upon our heads. Oh! beware, that evil thoughts spring not up in your heart. Sin will grow less than thoughts of poverty. Think not so lightly of our wrongs. Vengeance is the Lord's and he will repay. Let us, like our Divine

Teacher, who suffered wrongs infinitely greatly on our behalf, forgive and pity our enemies. I have tried hard to learn that lesson before, but I have failed. I know it must be wrong—this angry and revengeful spirit—and I have tried at times to still it in my heart, but it will not die. It lingers there, poisoning and polluting all within me. I have tried to pray, but it has risen up like a black cloud, hiding the face of my Heavenly Father, and I have felt as if deserted by God and man.  
"God sometimes hides His face and suffers us to walk in our own strength, that we may know how weak we are, and feel the convincing power of our infirmities, therefore let us seek earnestly for His presence, and for grace to help us in this time of need."  
William burst into tears. His poverty and his wrongs were all forgotten, in the memory of his sinfulness and murmurings. The spirit of other days was returning—the divine was triumphing over the human; and they bowed down before God, with the loving confidence of little children casting all their cares on His mighty arm, and committing the future to His wise direction. That humble cottage was a holy place, sanctified by the presence of the King of kings, and they rose up, with peace and resignation in their hearts.  
A storm was evidently coming on. Already the snow began to fall, but there was not wind enough at the door to last two days, and William must go to his neighbor, and get permission to cut a few trees, or at least to pick up the limbs that were lying about. He buttoned up his coat and went out. He could not forget the home of other days and the shed full of wood all dry and ready for the fire, which he had been forced to leave; but he brushed away a tear that dimmed his sight and pressed on through the storm, which every minute increased in violence. He walked a thin, white, dreary path, and whither that a maiden's bridal robes lay over the rough and frozen bosom of the earth, twisted here and there, by the breezy fingers of the wind, into graceful knots and wreaths. He stepped on something which moved beneath his foot, and looking down he saw a large pocket book, half covered with the snow. A sudden flash of light darted through his mind, and he turned his face from the wind to examine the contents. There was a roll of bank bills, and he carefully unrolled and counted them—tens—twenty—fifty—in all five hundred.  
His first impulse was, to secure the money and throw the pocket book away. He saw nothing clearly but the money before him—he thought of nothing but the blessings which would come to his poor family. Was it not his own?—he had found it—had not Heaven sent it in mercy as a relief to his wants?—an answer to his prayers! How much good this money would do! Bread and shelter for his wife—his patient, uncomplaining wife—and for his little ones, whose cheeks were growing pale with want, whose merry smiles were changing into anxious looks. Thus he reasoned, but conscience whispered beware!—suffer not the love of gold to make a plague spot on thy heart! This money is not thine, and Satan may have permitted it as a snare to thy soul—God may have permitted as a trial of thy faith.  
But perhaps, he thought, I cannot find the owner, then will it mine—honestly mine—no evidence of ownership has commenced examining the pocket book again. Moral, condemn him not too heartily for this wish—sit not in hasty judgment on the heart of thy erring brother. Thus tempted, perhaps thy own had been no better. But the examination left no room for doubt—There was the owner's name, fully inscribed on the inside of a rich merchant with whom days past, William had been acquainted. What a death blow was this to his wild hopes! The vision of comforts, which had blessed him for a moment, as if in mockery, was snatched away, and he saw again the miserable hut, the pale wife, hungry children. Dashing the pocket book to the ground, he stood for a moment gazing on it.  
"Tempter! deceiver!" he exclaimed, "why am I thus mocked and tantalized?" and then, as if a sudden thought had struck him, he picked it up and stepped into a thicket, which afforded a partial shelter from the storm, and seated himself on a fallen tree. The elements were in commotion, but there was a fierce wind, and he was not alone, for his own sake, but for the sake of the good that it might bring to him and his, was contending with long established principles of justice and rectitude.  
"This man is rich," the tempter whispered, "he will never miss this sum, nor know the want of it; and oh! the good which it would do thy sick wife and babes! Is it not a godsend, and wilt thou put away the proffered cup of blessings?"  
"It is not thine! It is not mine! said conscience. Stain not thy hands with dishonest gains. Bring not upon thy soul the curse of an offended God. Better that thy children perish before thy eyes, than that thy father be a robber."  
He sat there for more than an hour, the rushing wind and the falling snow all unheeded, but when he rose up, the conflict was passed, and the expression of his face, though sad, was peaceful and resigned.  
Remembering the purpose for which he started, he turned his face to his neighbor's house, where he obtained a small load of wood, and a team to haul it home.  
That night, after the children were in bed, William produced the pocket book, unrolled the bank bills before his astonished wife, and told her how he found it, half hid beneath the snow.  
"What shall you do with it?" she said.  
"What shall I do with it?" was the reply. "I will give it to the owner. We can bear toil and poverty, but not the reproaches of a guilty conscience."  
"I knew it would be thus. When that dark temptation was on me, and the evil in my heart seemed ready to triumph, I knew that you would not fail to see clearly, and approve the right."  
But William how will you get it to him, you have no horse, you have no money, and it will not do to risk it in a letter."  
"I have thought of that," said William, rising and going to window. "The storm is over, and tomorrow I must go on foot, and carry this money to Mr. Carter. It is but fifteen miles; I will start early and perhaps he will give me enough to pay my passage back in the stage."  
The next morning the Carters were stirring early, and long before sunrise William was on his way. It was hard walking through the new fallen snow, and the wind was cold and piercing, but he pressed resolutely on, and before noon reached the house of Mr. Carter. He ascended the marble steps, and rang the bell. A servant appeared, and in answer to his inquiry, if Mr. Carter was at home, informed him that the gentleman was out, and that he would not be back till dinner, which would be at two.

William cast a glance at his threadbare and rusty garments. He did not wish to enter that house, where the splendor and luxury would form a striking contrast to his own comfortable home, but he was cold and weary, and would be glad to sit anywhere by a fire, so he said to the servant, "I have important business with Mr. Carter, and if you please, I will come in and wait till he returns."  
The man eyed him from head to foot, and with a slight sneer on his face, which William did not fail to mark, conducted him into the kitchen. Preparations for dinner had already commenced. There was baking, boiling, and roasting, and as William stood looking on, the appetite of an epicure. It was torture for a man faint with hunger, to sit there with the delicious smell of the different dishes falling on the olfactory nerve and stimulating the demands of the stomach almost beyond endurance.  
The two hours passed slowly away, but Mr. Carter at length came in, and his visitor was summoned to the parlor. The poor man cast a bewildered and timid look around the magnificent apartment. He scarcely dared step on the soft carpet, which gave no sound beneath his feet, and he shrank, as he caught a full length view of himself in a mirror, which reflected almost unrecognizably the man who had stood yesterday, and as he bears your name, I have brought it to you."  
"Ah! then you found my pocket-book! I am glad to see it again—I never expected to do so." He carefully examined it. "All right," he said, and I'm obliged to you for returning it. You contain some papers, and I carelessly placed it in my pocket."  
William had no more to say. He arose, and with no further evidence of gratitude or obligation, he was suffered to depart.  
"I am sorry that you did not give that poor man something, father," said a fair girl, who sat herself on an ottoman at his feet. Did you not notice how he looked, and how he almost staggered as he rose to go away?"  
"Did he? No, I did not notice it. I would have given a fifty dollar bill if I had thought of it. But he is gone now."  
"But, father, you might send it to him. You know him, do you not? I fear that he is very poor."  
"Yes, I had some dealings with him years ago. When I built the Charlotte he had money, and now I do remember that I heard he had lost his farm."  
"How far did he come this cold morning, to bring you that pocket-book?"  
"He lives in the city, he must have come fifty or twenty miles. I ought indeed to have paid him well for it, and I will not fail to do so yet."  
Here the dinner-bell interrupted the conversation, and the father and daughter proceeded to the dining-room.  
Mr. Carter was not a selfish or a cold-hearted man, but he was not over-zealous of the wants and woes of others, and his good deeds must have been few, but for the gentle promptings of his daughter Mary. She, good girl, had a quick eye, as well as a warm heart. Misery never passed her unnoticed, and many were the blessings which fell on her young head—many were the generous deeds performed by her father, of which he would never have thought, but for her suggestions.  
But while the rich man was enjoying his plentiful repast, William Carter, with a sinking heart and weary frame, turned his steps towards home. He had not tasted food since early dawn, and now full fifteen miles lay before him. He felt disappointed, indignant, grieved at the cold and indifferent manner in which his services had been received. He did not ask a reward for restoring what was not his own, but he might with justice have demanded recompense for his time and trouble; but even that was not offered him. He remembered the wastefulness of wealth, the extravagance of luxury, which he had witnessed, and something of the father and mother, that man scarcely thanks you for returning what he would never have missed. It would have made you happy for months and years.  
Resolutely putting down the evil thoughts, he raised a silent prayer for help and resignation, and pressed on his way. He grew weaker and fainter every step, and little more than half the distance was gained, when he sat down by the wayside utterly exhausted. He covered his face with his hands and wept, and but for the thought of his wife and children at home, would have crept aside, and laid down upon the snow to die. Fortunately a man came along with a sleigh, and he rose and asked for a ride. The stranger took him and brought him within a mile of his own door.  
It was late when he reached home, and he had scarcely strength to cross the threshold, and soothed his wild frenzy with her loving voice, she was able to say, "though He slay me yet will I trust in Him." Oh blessed, sustaining power of faith and hope! Faith, not in man, but God—hope, not of earth, but heaven. Cling to thy faith poor woman—make thy heart strong in confidence, for God will not forsake thee! Even now He is preparing thy reward. He will not break the bruised reed, nor crush the humble heart.  
Did the rich man rest sweetly, as he lay down on his downy pillow? Were there no remorseful thoughts when he remembered the careless act of injustice of which he had been guilty? Like Abimelech, he could not sleep, for God troubled him, and he resolved to make ample recompense for the wrong he had done. He concluded at first to send him a letter, and a handsome present, but the thought did not satisfy him; and he resolved to go himself, and see what he could do for his poor friend, that would most benefit him, and quiet his own conscience.  
It was the fifth day of William Carter's sickness, and the physician said, that night would be the crisis; if he lived through it he might recover. He had then fallen into a lethargic sleep. His pale wife sat holding his hand and gazing anxiously on his sunken features and half shut eyes. The children with sad faces, and noiseless step, crept round the room. There was a rap at the door—it was opened, a gentleman entered. Mr. Carter looked with

surprise on her unexpected visitor. His dress and bearing, so different from those of their humble neighbors, at another time might have awed her, but that was no place to feel the paltry distinctions of human society. In the presence of that power, before which the rich and the poor, the mighty and the weak alike bow, he felt that they are equals—that they are brothers. She arose and offered him a chair—He did not seem to notice her, but advanced to the bed, he gazed long and earnestly on the ashy features of the sufferer, while the tears chased one another down his cheeks; then turning away he closed the door. This was the first of his visits. He came into the neighborhood, and inquired for William Carter, and had been told of his sickness and its probable cause. The good woman who he stopped, had a warm heart, and a single tongue, and little suspecting who her auditor was, she had given full scope to her eloquence, in denouncing the man who suffered her poor neighbor to walk fifteen miles, and to return without even a dinner.  
Mrs. Carter stood gazing in silent astonishment on her visitor, when he arose, and placing a heavy purse in her hand, said, "Take this, and let no expense be spared for your husband's recovery. I will call again, and before she had time to express her gratitude, or surprise, he was gone.  
The next morning William was better. The crisis had passed—the fever was gone but he lay weak and helpless as a babe, and but for the many efforts which that nurse procured, he might have died.  
He grew stronger day by day, and at the end of a week he was sitting supported by pillows, in a large arm-chair. Mrs. Carter approached the window and exclaimed, "There comes the stranger who gave me the purse!"  
A minute pause, and he entered the room. Approaching William he grasped his hand and said earnestly—  
"Thank Heaven that you are alive—that you will live! If you had died I never could have forgiven myself. I have come to make you some atonement for injustice of which I was guilty; and he placed a folded paper in his hand. "There," he continued, "when you are able, read this. Do not thank me. It is no more than justice. The pocket-book was of great importance to me, and it has cost you dear."  
When the gentleman was gone, William opened the paper, and found it a deed made out to himself of his old house and farm. There was dancing and shouting among the children; and the father and mother, with a deep and holy joy mingled with thankfulness, and trust in God.  
I need not pursue my story further, nor tell of the happy reinstating in their former home, nor how in after days, William Carter often gathered his grand children around his knee, and told them of his bitter trial and temptation, and how he had been saved by the trust in God are never forsaken.

## FRINDSHIP—A SONNET.

Well, they are gone; my fortune first departed,  
And then my right good friends went after it;  
Depositing the seal of friendship on my heart,  
After the manner of the ancient sages,  
My servants next gave notice they should quit,  
And when all men were gone, the maid  
I worshipped, also went off in a fit.  
Of laughter at my expense, she said,  
My dog had been, and is really none.  
To stay with me upon my bed, she said,  
My dog had been, and is really none.  
To stay with me upon my bed, she said,  
My dog had been, and is really none.  
To stay with me upon my bed, she said,  
My dog had been, and is really none.

WILLIAM DOWE.

## Foster, the Original Cooper's "Leather Stocking."

You know how disappointed when children were, to learn that Robinson Crusoe never existed, but that the true Robinson was a very manly, off-hand, sturdy, known as Alexander Selkirk. I always had a great contempt for Alexander, and Cooper did not help it much by making him monarch of all he surveyed.  
He ever seemed to me to be a preacher run aground, and greatly distressed, because he saw no charms in solitude's face, the very reverse of what makes dear Robinson Crusoe so delightful.  
I write all this, because I am going to tell you about the real, true and original Leather Stocking. His name was Foster, and he died four years since. The stories they tell of his exploits in Indian fights, his exceeding adventures as a hunter and a woodsman are truly wonderful. Cooper has, they assure me, described his personal appearance very truthfully. One single fact he failed to mention. Foster carried bullets down in the cavities between his knuckles, and could run and load and work with his hands as if the balls were not there. To the last of his life he never missed killing an "Indian," if one crossed his path; and so deep were the feelings of hatred towards the Indian, and love for the old man, in the people of the Mohawk valley, that a jury could never be found to pronounce him guilty of murder.  
A few years since, Foster, with two white companions and an Indian, went into the forest to hunt. While there, a quarrel arose between Foster and the Indian. Foster at last picked up his rifle and walked out of the tent, saying nothing, but the Indian turned to the other and remarked—  
"Foster kill me—he kill me, sure."  
"Oh, no," was the reply of the white man, indifferently.  
But the Indian persisted in saying that Foster would kill him. Shortly after they entered the canoe and pushed out into the river. As they neared a bend, where the land jutted into the stream, the Indian pointed to the land, and said—  
"There, Foster will kill me."  
His companion laughed incredulously, but to pacify the poor fellow, they placed him between them, so as to afford him protection, knowing well enough Foster would not endanger them. As they afterwards started under oars, they passed the point, the Indian's body was for a second uncovered by theirs, at that second the sharp report of a rifle was heard and the Indian sprang into the water—dead.  
This deed created great excitement. During the trial the court house was crowded to suffocation, and the feeling very generally in favor of Foster. One can but wonder that a wrong, so cold-blooded and cruel, should have any sympathy; but the remembrance of mothers and grandmothers fleeing in terror to the forts with their babes in their arms, was yet green, and the people could not forget the brave old Indian fighter, do what he might to tarnish his well earned renown. They listened in breathless silence as the trial progressed, and no murderer ever had so many honest hearts throbbing for his safety as old Foster. At last the Jury entered, and pronounced him guilty, and the court house rang with loud hurrahs as the crowd carried the criminal in triumph away.

## CLEVER ROGUE.

As a certain learned judge in Mexico, some time since, walked one morning into Court, he thought he would examine whether it was in time for business, and feeling for his repeater, found it was not in his pocket.  
"As usual," he said to a friend who accompanied him, as he passed through the crowd, near the door—"as usual, I have again left my watch at home under my pillow." He went on to the bench, and thought no more of it. The court adjourned.  
As soon as he was quietly seated in his parlor, he thought himself of his time-piece; and turning to his wife, requested her to send for it to his chamber.  
"But, my dear judge," said she, I sent it to you three hours ago!  
"Sent it to me my dear? certainly not."  
"Unquestionably," replied the lady, "and by the person you sent for it!"  
"The person I sent for it!" echoed the judge.  
"Precisely, my dear, the very person you sent for it!" You had not left home more than an hour, when a well-dressed man knocked at the door and asked to see me. He had one of the finest turkeys I ever saw; which he brought and said, that on your return to court, you met an Indian with a number of fowls, and having bought this one, quite a bargain, you had given him a couple of reals to bring it home, with the request that I should have it killed, picked, and put to cool, as you intended to invite your brother judges to a dish of *molle* with you tomorrow. And, 'O! by the way, Senorita,' said he, 'his excellency, the judge, requested me to ask you to give yourself the trouble to go to your chamber and take his watch from under the pillow, where he said he left it as usual, this morning, and send it to him by me.' And, of course, *mi querido*, I did so."  
"You did?" said the judge.  
"Certainly," said the lady.  
"Well," replied his honor, "all I can say to you, my dear, is, that you are as good a goose as the bird is a turkey. You've been robbed, my dear; the man was a thief; I have never sent for my watch; you've been imposed on; and, as a necessary consequence the confounded watch is lost forever."  
The trick was a cunning one; and, after a laugh, and the restoration of the judge's good humor by a good dinner, it was resolved eventually to have the turkey for tomorrow's dinner; and his honor's brothers of the bench to enjoy so dear a meal. Accordingly, after the adjournment of court the next day, they all repaired to his dwelling, with appetites sharpened by the expectation of a rare feast.  
Scarcely had they entered the sala, and exchanged the ordinary salutations, when a servant brought forth, with congratulations to his honor upon his recovery of the stolen watch.  
"How happy am I," exclaimed she, "that the villain was apprehended!"  
"Apprehended!" said the judge, with surprise.  
"Yes," and doubtless convicted too, by this time," said the wife.  
"You are always talking riddles," replied he, "explain yourself, my dear. I know nothing of thief, watch, or conviction."  
"It can't be possible that I have again been deceived," quoth the lady, "but this is the story: about one o'clock to-day, a pale and rather interesting young gentleman, dressed in a suit of black, came to the house in great haste—almost out of breath. He said that he had just come from the court; that he was one of the clerks; that the great villain who had the audacity to steal your honor's watch had just been arrested; and that the evidence was nearly perfect to convict him; and that all that was required to complete it was the turkey, which must be brought into court, and for that he had been sent with a porter by your express orders."  
"And you gave it to him?"  
"Of course I did—who could have doubted him, or resisted the orders of a judge?" Pray, what the devil, madam, are we to do for dinner?"  
But the lady had taken care of her guests, notwithstanding her simplicity, and the party both enjoyed the joke and the dinner. [Myra's Memoirs.]

## A Woman in California.

The miner, notwithstanding his toil, has his fun and frolic, as well as *chateaux*. Early one Sunday morning, our man was suddenly awakened by the discharge of a musket at his head. Jumping up, we exclaimed, "What's the matter; what has happened?" "What's the matter," shouted the stentorian voice of one of our neighbors, "turn out! turn out! new diggings! a live woman came in last night!"  
"A woman! oh, get out, you're joking!"  
"No, it's true as preaching. I was prospecting around the camp, and I'll be—d—d if I didn't see a petticoat hanging on a limb by a new tent on—Bar. I want to raise a company to go and take a look at the animal, for I am sure I'll have enough to go home!"  
"Cook, get breakfast just as quick as—"  
"O—o, a breakfast," replied the friend, "she may be off to other diggings before you can fix a piece of pork, and you won't get a sight at her!"  
We knew that delays were dangerous, so shouldering our picks and shovels, pistols and rifles, and taking a bottle or two of *aguardiente*, we marched to the new tent, in file, our leader whistling, "Come haste to the wedding," and gave three cheers and a discharge of firearms. The alarmed occupants rushed to the door to see what was up. Our captain mounted a rock and addressed the amazed husband in something like this strain:  
"Stranger, we have been shut up here so long that we don't know what is going on in the world, and we have nearly forgotten what it is made of. We have understood that our men are very women, but it is so long since we have seen them, that we have forgotten how a woman looks, and being told that you have caught one, we are prospecting to get a glimpse."  
The man, a sensible fellow by the way, entering into the humor of the joke, produced the animal, when, with nine cheers, a drink all round, and a few good natured jokes, we quietly dispersed. [Extract of a letter from the Miner.]

A lenient Irishman was observed one evening eliciting a potato into his hot whiskey today.  
"Why, what are you about?" inquired Charles.  
"It's punch I'm making, dear!" quietly replied Pat.  
"But what are you making that in for?"  
"To give it a flavor!"  
"What! a potato flavor?"  
"Sure, and isn't a potato a flavor, whether it is lemon or patty?"

## A HEROINE OF THE REVOLUTION.

MARY will remember that, towards the close of the war, Colonel Tarleton passed through North Carolina. Owing to some cause not known, he spent two nights in Halifax county—one mile within the hospitable grove of Willis Jones, near the town of Halifax, and the other higher up in the county, near "Quakey Chapel." Either because he was scarce of provisions and horses, or from a malicious desire to destroy the property of the American citizens who horses, cattle, hogs, and even fowls, that he could lay hands on, and destroyed or appropriated them to his own use. The male, and most of the female inhabitants of the country fled from the approach of the British troops, and hid themselves in the swamps and forests adjacent; and when they passed through the upper part of the county, while every one else left the premises on which she lived, Mrs. Powell (then Miss Bishop) stood her ground, and faced the foe fearlessly. But it would not do; they took the horses and cattle, and, among the former, a favorite pony of her own, and drove them off to the camp, which was about a mile distant. Young as she was, she determined to have her pony again, and as she must necessarily go to the British camp, to go alone, if no one would accompany her. And alone she went on foot, at night, and without any weapon of defence, and in due time arrived at the camp.  
By what means she managed to get an audience with Tarleton is not known; but she appeared before him unannounced, and, raising herself erect, said—  
"I have come to you, sir, to demand a restoration of my property, which your knavish followers stole from my father's yard."  
"Let me understand you, Miss," replied Tarleton, taken completely by surprise.  
"Well, sir," said she, "your rough men in red coats came to my father's house about sundown and stole my pony, and I have walked here alone unprotected to claim and demand him; and, sir, I must and will have him. I fear not your men. They are base and unprincipled enough to dare offer insult to an unprotected female; but their cowardly hearts will prevent them doing her any bodily injury."—And just then, by the light of a camp fire, espousing her own dear little pony at a little distance, she continued—"There, sir, is my horse. I shall mount him and ride peacefully home; and if you have any of the gentlemen feeling within you, of which your men are entirely destitute, or if you have any regard for their safety, you will see, sir, that I am not interrupted."—But, before I go, I wish to say to you that he who can, and will not, prevent this base and cowardly stealing from hen roosts, stables, and barn-yards, is no better in my estimation than the mean, good-for-nothing, guilty wretches who do the dirty work with their own hands Good night, sir!"  
And, without waiting further, she took her pony unintercepted, and galloped safely home; for Tarleton was so much astonished that he ordered that she should be permitted to do as she chose.  
Mrs. Powell died in her native county, in 1840, after she had attained a green old age. One of her grandsons, Wm. S. Parker, volunteered in the Mexican war, and died at Cerulo, in Mexico. Another, Richard B. Parker, is residing in Halifax County, N. C., a most estimable and worthy citizen. And a grand daughter, Mrs. Mary E. Slodge, (wife of W. T. Slodge, and sister of the two first-named gentlemen) also lives in Halifax county, besides other relatives, of all, no doubt, do justice to her memory; but others should do likewise, for she was one of the noble spirits of the times that tried men's souls!"

## "The Knockings."

The Christian Register, in the course of some very excellent remarks on the "spiritual knockings," humbly tells the following amusing anecdote:  
"We are tempted to draw from our College reminiscences a case which we deem a very worthy parallel to these audacious fancies. Our coevals at Cambridge cannot have forgotten a man of lively stable notoriety. His custumers were often so oblivious as to the extent of their rides, that he contracted with the holders of the surrounding country to secure their names on such of his chieftains as visited their respective taverns. He had also a horse who had been trained to lift his foot, as a slight signal from his master's finger was repeated. A stupid freshman once returned, as he said, from a ride to Watertown, but bearing with him the sign manual of an imholder in Concord. The youth persisted unblinking in his lie. Says the man, 'My horse knows, and will tell me, how many miles he has been driven.' The signal was given and repeated. The horse lifted his foot fourteen times in succession. The astonished freshman paid his full stable fee, and retired finally convinced of the preternatural endowments of the horse!"

## Moral Character.

There is nothing which adds so much to the beauty and power of man, as a good moral character. It is his wealth—his influence—his life. It dignifies him in every station—exalts him in every condition, and glorifies him at every period of life. Such a character is more to be desired than anything on earth. It makes a man free and independent. No servile tool—no crouching eunuch—no base-born honor-seeker ever bore such a character. The pure joys of truth and righteousness never spring in such a bosom. If young men but knew how much a good character would dignify and exalt them—how glorious it would make their prospects, even in this life, never should we find them yielding to the grovelling and base-born passions of human nature.

Hon. David S. Reid, Governor of North Carolina, has married Miss H. W. Settle.

The Governor, a man of mettle, has felt disposed himself to settle upon a wife, who in her nee, has boldly trusted to a Rap.

## Female Influence.

It is our mothers and our sisters that mould nations and impress communities. It is the nursery song, the impression of infantile years, the instructions of the fireside, that are to guide and influence. We hear little, very little of the fathers of great men. It is the mother and sister of Moses, that interest us. We almost forget that such a man as the father of Moses lived. His very name is withheld from the history that records the birth of his son. It is the mother of Samuel and Timothy who have the high distinction of being approved of God. It is the mothers of Luther, of Napoleon, and of Washington, to whom their sons ascribe their greatness and their power.



## INDEPENDENCE.

BY MRS. R. B. STOWE.

Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. were next door neighbors, and intimate friends—that is to say, they took tea with each other very often, and, in confidential strains, discussed of stockings and pocket-handkerchiefs, of puddings and carpets, of cookery and domestic economy, through all its branches.

"I think, on the whole," said Mrs. A., "with an air of profound reflection, "that gingerbread is the cheapest and healthiest cake one can make. I make a good deal of it, and let my children have as much as they want of it."

"I used to do so," said Mrs. B., "but I have not had any made these two months."

"Ah! why not?" asked Mrs. A.

"Why, it is some trouble; and then, though it is cheap, it is cheaper not to have any; and, on the whole, the children are quite as well contented without it, and so we have fallen into the way of not having any."

"But one must keep some kind of cake in the house," said Mrs. A.

"No! I have always heard and thought and practiced," said Mrs. B., "really of late I have questioned the need of it."

The conversation gradually degenerated from this point into various intricate speculations on domestic economy, and at last each lady went home to put her children to bed.

A fortnight after, the two ladies were again in converse at Mrs. B.'s. She was graced by some unusually nice gingerbread.

"I thought you had given up making gingerbread," said Mrs. A.; "you told me so a fortnight ago at my house."

"So I had," said Mrs. B., "but since that conversation?"

"Oh! I thought that since you thought it economical enough, certainly I might; and that if you thought it necessary to keep some sort of cake in the closet, perhaps it was best I should."

Mrs. A. laughed.

"Well, now," said she, "I have not made any gingerbread, or cake, of any kind, since that same conversation."

"Indeed?"

"No; I said to myself, if Mrs. B. thinks it will do to go without cake in the house, I suppose I might, as she says it is some additional expense and trouble, and so I gave it up."

Both ladies laughed, and you may laugh, too, my dear lady reader; but have you never done the same thing? Have you never altered your dress, or your arrangements, or your housekeeping, because somebody else was of a different way of thinking or managing?—and may not that very somebody at the same time have been moved to make change through a similar observation on you?

A large party is to be given by the young ladies of N.—to the young ladies of the same place; they are to dine out together, to a picnic in the woods, and to come home by moonlight; the weather is damp and uncertain, with ground chill, and young people, as in all ages before and since the flood, not famous for the grace of prudence; for all which reasons, almost every mamma hesitates about her daughters' going; thinks it a very great pity the thing has been started.

"Really don't like this thing," says Mrs. G.; "it's not a kind of thing that I approve of, and if Mrs. X. was not going to let her daughters go, I should set myself against it. How Mrs. X., who is so very nice in her notions, can sanction such a thing, I cannot see. I am really surprised at Mrs. X."

All this time poor unconscious Mrs. X., is in a similar tribulation.

"This is a very disagreeable affair to me," she says. "I really have a good mind to say that my girls shall not go; but Mrs. G.'s daughters are going, and Mrs. C.'s, and Mrs. W.'s, and of course it would be idle for me to oppose it. I should not like to cast reflections on a course sanctioned by ladies of such prudence and discretion."

In the same manner Mrs. A., B., and C., and the good matrons through the alphabet generally, with doleful lamentations, each one consents to the thing she allows not, and the affair proceeds seemingly to the great satisfaction of the juveniles.

Now then, it is true, some individual sort of a body, who might be designated by the angular and decided letters K and L, says to her son or daughter, "No, I don't approve of the thing," and is dead to the oft-urged, Mrs. A., B., and C. do so.

"I have nothing to do with Mrs. A., B., and C.'s arrangements," says this impracticable Mrs. K. or L. "I only know what is best for my children, and they shall not go."

Again, Mrs. G. is going to give a party; and, now, shall she give wine or not? Mrs. G. has heard an abundance of temperance speeches and appeals, heard the duties of ladies in the matter of sanctioning temperance movements aptly set forth, but none of these things move her half so much as another consideration.—She has heard that Mrs. D. introduced wine into a leading orator in the temperance movement, and Mrs. D. is no less a leader in the circle of fashion. Now, Mrs. G.'s soul is in great perplexity. If she could only be sure that the report about Mrs. D. is authentic, why, then, of course the thing is settled; regret it as much as she may, she cannot get through her party without the wine; and so at last, comes the party, and the wine, and Mrs. D., who was incorrectly stated to have had the article at her last soirée, has it at her next one, and quotes discreet Mrs. G. as her precedent. Mrs. P. is greatly scandalized at this because Mrs. G. is a member of the church, and Mr. D. a leading temperance orator; but since they will do it, it is not for her to be nice, and so she follows the fashion.

And, now, are all these respectable ladies hypocritical or insincere? By no means—they believe every word they say; but a sort of necessity is laid upon them—a spell; and before the breath of the multitude their individual resolution melts away as the frosty tenuity melts from the window panes of a crowded room.

A great many do this habitually; resignedly, as a matter of course. Ask them what they think to be right and proper, and they will tell you sensibly, coherently, and quite to the point, in one direction—ask them what they are going to do, and that is quite another matter.

They are going to do what is generally done—what Mrs. A., B., and C. do. They have long since made over their conscience to the keeping of the public—that is to say, of good society—and are thus rid of a troublesome burden of responsibility.

Again: there are others who mean in general to have an opinion and will of their own; but, imperceptibly, as one and another take a course opposed to their own sense of right and propriety, their resolution quickly melts, and melts, till every individual outline of it is gone, and they do as others do.

Yet is this influence of one human being over another—in some cases—God appointed—a necessary result of the human constitution.—There is scarcely a human being that is not varied and swayed by it as the approaching magnet swerves the troubling needle. Oppose them, conflict with them as they may, at a distance, yet when they breathe on them through the eyes of an associate, in the family or in society, they feel within themselves an invisible magnetic power. He who is not at all conscious of such impressibility can scarce be amiable, or humane. Nevertheless, one of the most important habits for the acquisition of a noble and generous character, is to learn to act *individually*, unswayed by the feelings and opinions of others. It may help one to do this, to reflect that the very person whose opinion we fear may be in equal dread of ours, and that the person to whom we are looking for a precedent may, at that very time, be looking at us. In

short, Mrs. A., if you think you could spend your money more like a Christian than in laying it out on a fashionable party, go forward and do it, and twenty others, who suppose of opinion you fear, will be glad of your example for a precedent—and Mrs. B., if you do think it would be better for your children to observe early rising and form simple habits, then to dress and dance, and give and go to juvenile balls, carry out your opinion in practice, and many an anxious mother, who is of the same opinion, will profit by your example as her shield and defence. And for you, young ladies, let us pray, you to reflect—individuality of character, maintained with womanly sweetness, is an irresistible grace and adornment. Have some principles of taste for yourself, and do not adopt every fashion of dress that is in vogue, whether it suits you or not, whether it is becoming or not, but, without a startling variation from general form, let your dress show something of your taste and opinions. Have some principles of right and wrong for yourself, and do not do every thing that every one else does, because every one else does it.

Nothing is more tedious than a circle of young ladies who have got by rote a certain set of phrases and opinions—all admiring in the same terms the same thing, and detesting in like terms certain others—with anxious solicitude each dressing, thinking, and acting, one as much like another as is possible. A genuine original opinion, though it were so heretical as to assert that Jenny Lind is not supererogatory, or that Shakespeare is rather dull reading, would be better than such a universal Dead Sea of acquiescence.

These remarks have been reference to the female sex principally, because they are the dependent, the acquiescent sex—both from nature and habit, and position, most exposed to the very wide department, that is, in a certain way, and custom-makers of society. If, and the multiplied schools whose advertisements now through our papers, purporting to teach girls every thing, both ancient and modern, high and low, from playing on the harp and working pin-stitches, up to civil engineering, surveying, and navigation, there were any which could teach them to be women—to have thoughts, opinions, and modes of action of their own—such a school would be worth having. If one half of the good purposes which are in the hearts of the ladies of our nation were only acted out, without the fear of any body's opinion, we should certainly be a step nearer the millennium.

## ARKANSAS ARITHMETIC.

DEAR PIC. I arrived here last night, and am anxiously expecting the packet steamer for Little Rock, and among the items of the day you must pardon me for noticing a circumstance which occurred here this morning. A man, unknown in these diggings, stopped into a store and purchased a pair of boots, for \$10.00. The merchant, who was a stranger, handed him a counterfeit \$10 bill, and changed the bill, and in a few minutes this worthy disappeared. Soon after the bill was discovered to be a counterfeit, and the merchant had to give in lieu of the spurious bill a good \$10.00. The question then arose among "savans" of Napoleon, how much did the vendor of the boots lose? Some said \$17, some \$20, and others \$7, and the discussion on the subject became boisterous, and a general confusion, cursing, drinking and betting ensued. We had several fist-fights, but all this did not settle the vexed question of the vendor's loss of the boots. At length an old gray-headed "bar hunter," who had lost an eye in a fight with a panther, and who had learned to cipher in "Pike," was called upon to decide; it was soon, however, announced, that as he had wagered \$2, he was incompetent to decide so grave a question; and about this time a pretty tight fight came off. It was the old man (cooled one or two with a whiskey bottle. The "squire" raised the "stars and stripes" and commanded the peace in the name of the State of Arkansas and the Government in general. Peace was soon restored, and the whole question was referred to a committee of court composed of two country schoolmasters, a dancing master, and the most prominent member of this tribunal bench was a rolicking, swaggering chap they called "Tom," who was principal of the high school on an "Alligator Bayou," as he said, "in them diggings." The court was regularly announced to be in session, and went on deliberated quite a lecture on temperance, betting, drinking and fighting, and laid particular stress upon the great necessity of educating the rising generation, that it would prevent similar difficulties; for, if Smith's arithmetic had been understood, the present case of the boots would not have produced so much bloodshed in this peaceful and happy court. Here "Tom" dropped a few tears, and the balance of the court responded, "Teach the young idea how to shoot." The case was here fully stated and argued on both sides, and simplified by putting an old pair of boots on the table, with \$10, and the regular changing made, and was submitted for the decision of the court. "Tom," the spokesman of the court, said, "Gentlemen and fellow citizens, this is an extraordinary case, and one which, when first presented to the mind, is simple, and requires but little reflection, but on mature consideration, it does require a legal mind and of good training to compass a compound question, and the one before the court is truly one, and so recognized by the laws of England. But, fellow-citizens, having studied the law, it affords me gratification to say I can solve the case of the boots so clearly to your minds, that you will be astonished at your own ignorance, and that in future you will send your children to my school."

Opposition. Gentlemen—Mr. B. is a merchant, and you, Mr. R., want a pair of boots, and the price is \$7; you go into the store and you say, 'I'll take them that boots—here is a \$10 bill, give me the change.' Mr. B. goes out and soon brings you the change, \$3. But Mr. B. has to redeem the \$10, for it is spurious. You have got the boots and the \$3, and are gone.—Well, fellow-citizens, according to the balance of trade among great mercantile nations of the earth, Mr. B. loses his boots, the \$3, and the good \$10 bill, which makes the sum of \$20.—That is the opinion of the court, and you will find the opinion sustained by the ablest jurists of the day."

The bets were all given up, the decision of the court was sustained by acclamation, and the crowd unanimously agreed to sustain Tom's school. Whereupon, the court adjourned to liquor.

The packet arrived about this time, and I left a place so smart at figures.

Yours, in haste,  
"GO IF BOOTS."

Strange questions are agitated in the debating clubs down east. The last was—What is the difference between a sea-sick and a sick family? And the next will be—What is the difference between the bridge of sighs and the size of a bridge? The former was decided in favor of the negative.

A young lady wrote to her brother, who is a farmer in Ohio, to ask whether he had any good furniture now as when at home. He replied that she must not bother him with such questions, but to give her some idea of his style of living, would state that his entire farm was fenced with black walnut.

VALENTINE EXTRAORDINARY. The door bell of house in Morton Place was rung about 11 o'clock yesterday forenoon, and upon opening the door there was found a parcel enclosing a young and interesting male child, snugly wrapped up in nice linen, and dressed with a much taste and care. The child will remain there for the present.—Journal.

The celebrated comedian John Reeve was once accosted by an elderly female with a bottle in her hand; "Pray, sir, I beg your pardon, is this the way to the workhouse?" John gave her a look of clerical dignity, and, pointing to the bottle, gravely said, "No, madam, but that is."

## ROCKLAND GAZETTE.

A. D. NICHOLS, Editor.

Thursday Morning, February 27th, 1851.

WE notice with considerable surprise, that a warrant has been issued by the Selectmen, convening a town meeting upon Saturday next, for the purpose of laying before our citizens a proposition to appoint a committee to survey a line of division between the eastern and western portions of the town, with a view to their final organization into distinct communities. We are very confident that those who are friendly to this movement, have allowed themselves to dwell upon a few real or fancied grievances, connected with the present arrangement of things, with an entire forgetfulness or carelessness as to the consequences which must naturally ensue from the proposed separation. If it were necessary for the purpose we have in view in the present article, we think it could easily be shown that the reasons which are urged in support of this step are very far from being sufficient to justify it even in the absence of all the positive and serious objections which at present exist. The burden of taxation which is so much complained of, falls much heavier upon the village portion of our town than upon any other; since the property and capital of the business men of this section is made to contribute a much greater portion of the taxes, in the ratio of its productive value, than the poorer and less taxable estate of the other.

As another reason in opposition to the expediency of the movement in consideration, stands the fact that there is not only an entire absence of opposing interests between the different sections, but that they are most intimately and strongly united; and any steps which would lead to the least variance between them could not fail to be productive of great evil to each. So far as extent of territory is concerned, Rockland is already one of the smallest towns in the State, while at the same time from the influence of natural advantages, and the industry and enterprise of its citizens, it is not only at present, one of the most active and flourishing, but also affords the surest promise of great and long continued prosperity. Let those who now complain refer to the steady increase of their property for the last five years in value and productivity, and we are sure that they will find the argument of the "almighty dollar" to be decidedly against their course. There is, and can be, no real cause for jealousy between the village and the town portions of Rockland.—Others may be jealous of both, but between us, the consciousness of an unchangeable common interest should cement an enduring alliance.—The fruits of that one great business which absorbs the labor and capital of nearly five-eighths of our citizens, are fully shared by our friends of the western portion of the town, in whose territory the quarries from which its support is drawn are situated; or, if there be any difference of advantage in this respect, they are the gainers, since, while the risks and liabilities arising from competition and other causes are borne principally by the manufacturers and shippers, the profits of the quarry owners are full and unvarying. The growth and increasing importance of the village, then, so far from being a cause of jealousy or dissatisfaction, can be rightly viewed only as an indication and evidence of the accumulating and wealth and prosperity of the whole town, to the two portions of which nature has afforded almost inexhaustible resources for mutual development and increase.

So much for the town of Rockland as at present constituted; and we will now endeavor to point out the course which appears to us to be most feasible and advantageous for the removal of the difficulties which have led to the present movement, and which, though at present of really no great moment, are yet constantly increasing. There are many matters which the interests of the village require to be provided for, that do not immediately concern the citizens of the town itself, and non-residents of the village, seeing and feeling this, are greatly apprehensive lest their pocket should be called upon to contribute for such purposes. Within the last two years we have heard many measures discussed which the interests of the village rendered eminently desirable, but which were necessarily given up because they were important only to village interests, and should not have been asked for at the hands of the town.—These necessities are constantly increasing upon us, and our best present policy is to take some step which will give us the power of meeting these demands and exigencies as they arise.—The village should take upon itself the sole control of its peculiar interests, and, until it is prepared to do so, they will not only fail to be provided for, but our difficulties will be constantly increasing. We see no course which will be in any degree so advantageous for all parties concerned, as that of procuring a chartered organization by means of which provision may be made for those necessities that are distinct from the general interests of the town.—

This, we think, is not only dictated by every consideration of sound policy and economy on the score of local interest, but it also at once removes every cause for complaints now being made. We need to be provided with a complete and well organized fire department; we need an equally efficient police and the power of making our own internal police regulations; we need a more active and less cumbersome organization in order that we may protect ourselves against nuisances, and that our streets and sidewalks may be kept in better order, or rather, so far as the latter is concerned, that we may not find them almost entirely wanting when storms have rendered them most necessary. There are many other reasons connected with things concerning the general good, which, though they may not be urged here, are of no less consequence than any which we have enumerated; and there could be drawn from the situation and prospects of the village, and the character and wants of its inhabitants, still another score. We hope that those who have interested themselves in procuring a complete separation of the town, will consider whether a movement of this kind would not far better reach the end they have in view, and that those of our citizens who have given the matter no consideration as yet, will canvass it in their own minds, and then decide whether a city charter for the village of Rockland is not demanded by the necessities of her present situation as well as for the realization of her future prospects.

## TEMPERANCE NO. 6.

The rum traffic is murder. It makes but little odds, to constitute the act, how murder is committed if the deed be done. Murder is generally committed suddenly; and in the heat of passion. There is less atrociousness in such instances than when done deliberately. Here murder, in the rum traffic, takes its darkest hues. It is done slowly; yet surely; with time for reflection and remorse. It is denied that the rum traffic commits murder. Let us see. I take my fellow man and commence on him the work of injury. I load my pistols and fire into his limbs. I first wound and maim him. Before one wound is healed, I make another. His wounds grow worse. His arm is amputated.—Next his leg is amputated. I still continue my work; and another limb is taken off. I next fire into his head; and stagger and craze him. Before his system has time to rally, I fire into other parts of his body; and, finally, putting a ball through his heart, I finish my work in his death. Is this murder? or is it not murder? My work has been slow and gradual. I have been cool and determined. I have seen clearly the effect of every shot; and foresaw with certainty what must be the result. Now is not this as truly and positively murder as though I had accomplished the deed with a single blow? and does not the rum traffic do this very thing? The work is slow and progressive; but does it not work out the same result. It may be that the victim put himself in this murderer's way. And what of that? The greater the guilt in such a case. If the rum traffic sees such unconsciousness of danger, it is bound by moral law to warn rather than to kill. But the rum traffic always deceys. Were there no rum traffic, of course there would be no murder from such cause. The rum traffic is always the first aggressor because it always first holds out its temptations to allure. It is the business of the rum traffic to do the work of murder and hence all its operations tend that way. If it committed no murder its business would be abandoned; for in that case there would be no sales; hence no victims; hence no dollars. But to the point. We repeat it; we affirm: we prove the rum traffic slow, sure, deliberate murder. In this work, the first and direct effort is to kill conscience. It finds more difficulty in this than in any other part of its operations. Conscience cannot be killed by a single shot. Hence it makes resistance though wounded. The first wound will generally awaken it to elude the murderer. The rum traffic however always finds means and motives to lull its victim; and bring him up to a new fire. The rum traffic knows well that it cannot succeed far as long as conscience is on the alert. Conscience will speak; and sometimes with lion roar. What can silence such a conscience? The rum traffic. "What can look it up in the slumbers of moral death? The rum traffic. The rum traffic can do any deed of hell. It is steady to its purpose.—It never flags. It will not be beaten off. It will not be killed down. Surely as he fully closes in with his victim, so surely he murders him. When the rum traffic once gains firm footing here, there is no turning back; no change of purpose. The poor, conquered victim loses all power to feel, to speak or defend.

In this victory the rum traffic has gained one of the most difficult points in its murderous work. The next object is to kill the heart. The rum traffic once knew the meaning of that word. It once had a heart: that is before it commenced business. It has none now. It is burnt out.—Man cannot harm his neighbor without harming himself. The slanderer, nearly allied in cruel deeds and murderous work to the rum traffic, ultimately kills himself in his attempt to kill others. It is an essential part of the rum traffic to kill the heart. Do you deny the charge? Why then does your victim love your grogery, with all its polluting associations, more than the home he once esteemed more precious than the palace of a king? Why does he leave in utter neglect and want, the woman who once, in his estimation, compared with angels; and whose words and smiles were dearer to him than all else besides. Why? Because you have killed that power which God placed in his bosom with which "to love." Quench the fire of innocent love in the human heart, and you make man a fiend; you blot out the great distinguishing feature of his nature; you rob him of the brightest jewel that adorns humanity; you cut him adrift on the broad current of pollution to be the sport of every wind and wave that marks the death surges of the rum traffic. Such is the tendency of the rum traffic in every department of human life where it seizes its death-thrusts and the heart; and nowhere is it so clearly seen as in that heaven-blessed sanctuary, the family circle. Here the black pall of death spreads over all though it may be but one victim lies bleeding in his last agony. When the rum traffic advances thus far, it is easy to see through the rest of the way. It knows that having killed conscience and the heart, a few hasty strides will place its death-grasp upon the brain.

Here then, on the brain, that noble organ of man, the rum traffic seeks a new field of labor for its murderous attack; the brain on which memory makes its record in lines of vivid brightness; the brain which comprehends in one view scenes past, passing and to come; scenes joyful, useful, hopeful and depressing; the brain which in its mighty active transports you over hills, mountains, oceans and continents, and carries you to the skies, there to roam in boundless gratitude through Jehovah's vast domain; the brain is up for the death mark to glut in full completion the rum traffic's hunger for blood. And how well it succeeds! How skillfully it accomplishes its task! Never weary, never flinching, it pursues man, poor, miserable man, allied to seraphs in capacity, and by nature, fitted for heavenly communion, to the last extremity in the deadly contest. Reason reels upon its lofty throne; and like a giant bound hand and foot, unable longer to resist, is murdered out-right in the rum traffic.

Is not this enough? What more will you have? The mutilated body? You have it now. Conscience and heart, and reason once had their dwelling place in a beautiful body; a body of unvarnished workmanship, and the most consummate skill. Fearfully and wonderfully made, bearing the impress of wisdom that knows no equal, of power that acknowledges no superior, distinguished by a beauty and completeness that defies competition, it comes in, nevertheless, to a full share in the rum traffic murder. See the beautiful eye once lit up with the fire of youth, or maturer age, dimmed, flamed, and far retreated in its socket. See the beautiful countenance, once glowing with intelligence, and manly thoughts and purposes, bloated, changed to the hues of death, more fearful and repulsive than when the vital spark has taken its upward flight. The blood is burning. Every nerve, muscle, ligament and joint is scorched. The limbs are palsied.—The flesh is seared; and now the entire human nature, mental, moral, and physical, goes down a complete wreck in rum's murderous traffic.

Rum traffic; what have you done? Who have you selected for your victims? Shall there be made further disclosures? Shall I publish in heaven's sun-light all your deed of darkness?—I will. You have killed my son. He was my only son. I loved him because he was such. He was my pride and joy. All my future plans were associated with his anticipated growth, improvement and manly purposes. He was kind and docile; of sweet temper and quick thought. Fair as the morning flower, he promised maturity, beauty and length of days. You stand charged before heaven and earth with his murder. You allured him from my hearth stone; made him a stranger in his once happy home; made him a pleasure; changed his early love into cruel hate; his once boyish fondness into ungrateful coldness; wrecked his noble intellect; and filled his whole nature with an incurable poison.

You have done more than this. You have murdered my father. Him, too, I loved because he was my father. His brow was moistened in earning bread for me in my unconscious years. He first stayed my tottering steps. He dropped a father's tear over my pillow of pain; and smiled with joy as, anew, my cheek was reddened with the hues of health. I saw his downward way; but I loved him still; because, still, he was my father. You, too, saw his downward way. You knew his weakness, and you seized upon that to accelerate your murderous deed.—Borne down by years, lost to the world, and the world lost to him, and through your agency, why could you not have shown a little pity? Pity did I ask? When did murder pity? The rum traffic never pities. Other murders have been known to pity; but murder in the rum traffic issuing from a monster's heart, a heart encased in iron bands, riots in the blood of murdered victims; while other murders linger to shed a tear.

Blood is upon the rum traffic. Away with your flimsy excuses, and false reasoning. Blood is upon the rum traffic. 'The heavens reveal your iniquity and the earth rises up against you! If there is the least lingering ray of mental or moral light within you, it charges you with blood. Low social, law civil, and law Divine charge you with blood, and if any thing further is wanting to make out a full bill of guilt, devils for once agree in confirmation of this overwhelming decision.

There is no moral principle in the rum traffic. There is not even a show of it. Other murders do sometimes have some show that way. Self defence, a friend's safety, fear for the future make some plea; a very questionable one though. But what defence, what plea for murder in the rum traffic? What but gold? slow, progressive murder for gold. Bedezhab would blush, had he been to, to set up such defence; and ought to be ashamed of his best friends in the rum traffic, thus to spot their hitherto blameless character. No; there is no moral principle in the rum traffic. Is there any lamb in the lion? any dove in the serpent? any honey in the gall? There is there no moral principle in the rum traffic. What is moral principle? what but unbending firmness to right? to duty? to mercy? to honor? to justice? to the love of God? Is there any shadow of right in the rum traffic? anything like duty in the rum traffic? anything like mercy in the rum traffic? anything like honor in the rum traffic? anything like love to God in the rum traffic? There is the rum traffic utterly void of all moral principle. What is moral principle but that agency upon the human mind which would lead us to recognize in every man a brother? the direct influence of which is to regard and promote his happiness and welfare as we would regard and promote our own. Does the rum traffic regard and promote the welfare of man? Does the commission of slow progressive murder show evidence of such regard? Then is the rum traffic void of all moral principle.

Pause for a moment and look at your work of wrong and shame upon your fellow man; man endowed with powers to make everlasting improvement in knowledge and blessedness; man for whose health and nourishment the earth, the air, and the sea teem with life; for whose protection celestial millions spread out their sheltering wings; and bear to heavenly regions, in joyful strains, the news of his progress and his welfare; for whom the heart of Messiah was transpierced in death agony on the cross; for whose redemption all the boundless resources of wisdom, justice, power and love have been poured out in the presence of admiring worlds; and for the completion of which suns and systems keep their course; and the whole universe in beautiful harmony revolves its prodigious wheels.—Pause for another moment. Look at this. Have you plucked no jewels from redemption's crown? Another day will tell. You are wrong. Every argument to sustain you is a falsity. Every attempt at palliation is an aggravation of your unpardoned deed. You know your own guilt. You cannot wash it out. You cannot unburden yourself of the terrible thought; the burning shame. You are against yourselves. Conscience, if any remain in your bosom, is against you. Every thing is against you. Justice, stern, inflexible justice that can mark its victim with more unerring certainty than you have ever marked yours, justice slow, but sure to come, will unscabbard its avenging sword. You will not stop. Certainly not. This is a land of liberty; liberty to riot in guilt; liberty to hold and improve your rights; liberty to stand up as men and do your own peculiar work; liberty to strike where you will; and do murder too. You will not stop.

Yes you will at the final adjusting of your accounts. Memory's memory will soon pass upon you a sentence for your eternal contemplation. She will write out your deed in lines of fire.

J. W.

THE HUNGARIAN EXILES. Letters from the Hungarian exiles in Turkey give gloomy accounts of their condition. An extract from one dated Kutazah, Jan. 2, says:

"Our imprisonment becomes daily more oppressive. I am shut up with my family in the barracks surrounded by sentinels. Under pressure of guarding us against fire, they post several soldiers in the garret, from whence they spy every one of our movements, even in our room."

Till now I have endured everything with the greatest patience, in order not to annoy the Turkish Government; but now I fear their intention is a bad one; they oppress us every day more and more. To-day they made an attempt to deprive us of our kitchen, and offered to provide us with our daily meals. I opposed this measure energetically, but I do not know with what success."

The fugitive slave case in Cincinnati was settled decisively by the slave herself. The counsel closed their speeches, and the judge said he would give his opinion in the morning. At this moment, says the Cincinnati Gazette, the woman stepped forward to the judge and said—"I want to go home with my master. I can't feel away all this time. Let me go." The judge said "Go,"—and she went.

## A Walk from Belfast to the Bluff.

We commenced our journey at about 8 o'clock, P. M. It was a calm and beautiful afternoon, in the month of October; the sky was very clear, and of a deep blue, often the case in Maine, when the air is not filled with smoke, by the large fires in the woods, which are generally numerous at this season of the year.—This afternoon was rather peculiar, the atmosphere was of such a nature, (and I have frequently observed in Maine,) as to present every object seen through it at a distance, distinctly; it seemed a sort of magnifying medium; hills and mountains appeared much nearer than usual, and their outlines more distinctly marked.—It was quite in contrast with our soft and mild days in Oct., which we call the "Indian Summer."

Two hours walk brought us to the western part of the Bluff—the ascent here is very steep though once used as the principal thoroughfare from Belfast to Thomaston. On the top of the bluff we stopped to view some of nature's grandest works.

We have often seen nature and art combined to render scenery beautiful; it is so in the vicinity of our cities, and large towns. But here was no art—nature alone; all was her own on a grand scale. We felt the inspiration nature is wont to give her admirers. At the south, stretches a long line of high hills, (or perhaps mountains, commencing with "Owl's Head," (a high bluff,) an extreme south-eastern point of land, some forty miles distant from where we were standing, and skirting the bay, round to the west until they end on the shores of the Penobscot. These hills, in boldness of outline, and grandeur, will vie with any in New England. At the west stands Mt. Waldo, bold and venerable—at the east, Blue-hill rises its sombre head; further eastward, and before us lay the whole bay, all dotted with Islands. These islands extend from the bay of Belfast to the Atlantic. The number, some affirm to be 365; but we will not vouch for this. The bay of Belfast is free from islands, and we hesitate not to affirm, that it is one of the most beautiful bays in the western world. The nearest island to us was Long Island, a lovely, green Isle, twelve miles in length, and from one to one and a half mile, containing seven or eight hundred inhabitants. From this island sleeping so gently almost under the shadow of the bluff, Isle succeeds Isle, until the scene is lost in the deep blue of the Ocean. How, grand, and beautiful! Here a green and lovely Isle, sleeping on the quiet bosom of the bay; itself, like a vast mirror reflecting the sky, the clouds, mountain tops, and woodlands bordering the shores; there a little skiff skimming over the waters like a thing of life, there a noble brig passing down among the islands, and far off a bark bound from home, or just returning from some distant land, and here right under the brow of the bluff, a whole fleet of schooners. This beautiful bay, so little observed and admired by those who live on its shores,—remarked our fellow traveler—is not without some historic importance.

At the head of the little bay, yonder, is the town of C.; during our Revolutionary war, he observed, the British built one of their strongest forts there. Over these waters sailed some of England's largest ships of war, and these hills, and vales have echoed the sound of British cannon, as it came booming over the bay. At the foot of the bluff, yonder the Americans landed in order to dislodge the English, but were repulsed, with the loss of most of their fleet.—While thus listening and gazing on the beautiful panorama before me, the sun sets, painting the whole western sky in red and gold, burning the hill tops with silvery light, whilst hills, and islands cast their lengthening and shadowy forms far off on the quiet waters. We reluctantly turned away from a scene so rich and enchanting.

We continued our walk, as the shades of eve fell on our path, as far as Saturday Cove; here we obtained a boat, and launched forth on the quiet bay; it was perfectly calm, not a ripple nor a wave—save the noiseless swell of the sea, which rolled in with the tide. No sound, but the splash of the oars and our conversation, together with the leaping forth of the fish in their sports. A dim twilight hung over the western hills, and the eastern horizon was hung about with deep dusky clouds, a few stars shone forth on the water dancing about like so many Naiads. The scene was now one of quiet and solemn loveliness; when lo! the full moon came up as it were from the Ocean—at once the whole bay seemed converted into a mass of molten silver; the islands, and the hills, drank in her silvery light.

The stars and the twilight fled away; the fish aroused from their slumbers by this new created glory, seemed to leap forth for very joy, and as though to hail, and to welcome her approach. Amid so much to please, we slowly and leisurely passed long down the shores of the island, before named, until we very reluctantly passed into a little cove whither we were bound, and which shut out the whole of this magnificent scene from our view.

THE CAMBRIA AND THE ATLANTIC. Some of the papers have copied from the Cork Examiner a statement that the steamer Cambria was chartered for £3,000, to bring out the cargo of the Atlantic, while the freight list of the latter steamer amounted to £4,200, leaving the impression that the owners of the A. gained £1,200. The New York Herald says such is not the fact. The Liverpool consignees of the Atlantic, in order not to detain her goods, as they had a right to do, till she should be repaired, immediately chartered the Cambria, giving her owners the whole of the Atlantic's freight, and in addition to that a bonus of £3,000. This was done to give the goods to the consignees in the United States at the earliest moment.—Thus, instead of a gain of £1,200, the owners of the Atlantic have lost their entire freight, and £3,000 besides; which is a total loss of £35,000.—Boston Journal.

CHEAP POSTAGE. The Washington correspondent of the New York Courier abandons all hopes of securing a change in the rates of postage by the present Congress. He says it is perfectly apparent that there is a clear majority in the Senate in favor of adopting the substitute proposed by Gen. Rusk, which corresponds nearly with the recommendation of the Post Master General, as it is also clear that this course will ensure the defeat of any attempted modification at the present session.—(Boston Jour.)







# AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

For the Cure of  
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS,  
BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH,  
CROUP, ASTHMA, AND  
CONSUMPTION.

Among the numerous discoveries Science has made in this generation to facilitate the business of life—increasing its enjoyment, and even prolonging the term of human existence, none can be named of more real value to mankind, than this contribution of Chemistry to the Healing Art.—A vast trial of its virtues throughout this broad country, has proven beyond a doubt, that no medicine or combination of medicines yet known, can so surely control and cure the numerous varieties of pulmonary disease which hitherto swept from our midst thousands and thousands every year. Indeed there is now abundant reason to believe a Remedy has at length been found which can be relied on to cure the most dangerous affections of the lungs. Our space here will permit us to publish any proportion of the facts affecting its use, but we would present here following opinions of eminent men, and refer further inquiry to the circular which the Agent below named, will always be pleased to furnish free, wherein are indisputable proof of these facts.

From the President of Amherst College, the celebrated PROF. HITCHCOCK.  
James C. Ayer—Sir: I have used your Cherry Pectoral in my own case of deep-seated Bronchitis, and am satisfied from its chemical constitution, that it is an admirable compound for the relief of laryngeal and bronchial difficulties. If my opinion as to its superior character can be of any service, your are at liberty to use it as you think proper.

EDWARD HITCHCOCK, L. L. D.,  
From the widely celebrated  
PROF. WILLIAM H. L. D.  
Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy,  
&c., Yale College, Member of the  
Lit. Hist. Med. Phil. and  
Scientific Societies of  
America and Europe.

"I deem the Cherry Pectoral an admirable compound from some of the best ingredients in the Materia Medica, and a very effective remedy for the class of diseases it is intended to cure."  
New Haven, Ct., Nov. 1, 1849.

MAJOR PATTERSON, President of the S. C. Senate, states he has used the Cherry Pectoral with wonderful success, for inflammation of the lungs.

From one of the first Physicians in Maine.  
Saco, Me., April 26, 1849.  
Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell. Dear Sir: I am now constantly using your Cherry Pectoral in my practice, and prefer it to any other medicine for pulmonary complaints. From observation of many severe cases, I am convinced it will cure coughs, colds, and diseases of the lungs, that have put to defiance all other remedies.

I invariably recommend its use in cases of consumption, and consider it the best remedy known for that disease.

Respectfully yours, L. S. CUSHMAN, M. D.  
Prepared and sold by JAMES C. AYER,  
Practical Chemist, Lowell, Mass.

AGENTS: Rockland, R. T. SLOCOMB,  
C. A. MACOMBER; Thomaston, Oliver W. Jordan; Warren, S. B. Wetherbee; Camden, J. H. Eastbrook.

Rockland Nov. 23, 1850. 41, 3m.

Marine Fire Life and Live Stock Insurance.  
THE Undersigned continues as heretofore to receive applications for Insurance of Vessels, Freight and Cargoes, for the Columbus and Lexington Companies, on the most favorable terms.—During the last three years, many losses have been sustained by these Companies upon risks taken by the undersigned, which have always been promptly and honorably adjusted and paid, to the entire satisfaction of the persons insured to whom he is at liberty to refer.

The undersigned will also receive Applications and issue Policies for the Insurance of Marine hazards, for the Lafayette Insurance Company.—Chartered in 1836—amount of Capital paid in and unimpaired \$130,000.—Among the Stockholders are a large number of the most respectable and wealthy merchants of New York.—Private property of stockholders held.—Satisfactory evidence will be furnished that the above named Companies are quite as desirable as any other, by those who wish their losses settled without unnecessary trouble or delay.

The undersigned will receive applications and issue Policies for Insurance against loss or damage by Fire, for several of the best Companies, to wit: the Howard Insurance Co., at Lowell, the New England, the Trenton and the North-Western.

The undersigned has the agency of ten to twelve of the best Mutual Fire Ins. Cos. to accommodate those who prefer to insure on the mutual principle.—The undersigned is also agent for several of the best Life Ins. Companies—and also Live Stock Insurance against the combined risks of Fire, Water, Accidents and Disease.

JOHN C. COCHRAN.

GREAT SALE  
OF  
READY-MADE CLOTH  
BROAD CLOTH,  
CASSIMERES, DOESKINS,  
FURNISHING GOODS,  
&c., &c.,

To commence immediately at the store of  
THE SUBSCRIBER,  
opposite the COMMERCIAL HOUSE  
Being desirous of commencing the Spring Campaign with an entire new Stock and to enable us to take the advantage of the market we shall  
Close off the entire stock now on hand  
at prices that will ensure a ready sale and which cannot fail to suit all in want of any article of which the stock consists, viz:  
PILOT, BEAVER & BROADCLOTH  
OVER SACKS,  
various Colors.

ROCK and SACK COATS,  
of all colors and quantities of Cloths and price together with an endless variety of  
PANTS and VESTS,  
BOYS' CLOTHING,  
FURNISHING GOODS,  
GLOVES, MITTENS,  
UNDER SHIRTS, &c.

Call and satisfy yourself before purchasing elsewhere, and be sure you don't forget the place—  
BENSON'S Clothing Warehouse  
Opposite the Commercial House,  
MAIN STREET,  
ROCKLAND.  
Dec. 15th, 1850. 47

# R. T. SLOCOMB, Chemist and Apothecary, No. 5, KIMBALL BLOCK, ROCKLAND.

Keeps  
constantly for sale  
a large and well selected  
stock of

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye-  
Stuffs, Patent Medicines,  
PERFUMERY,  
CUTLERY, FANCY ARTICLES,  
& A NECESSARY  
COSMETICS, &c.,

Physicians Prescriptions put  
up in the best manner.  
LEECHES furnished or applied.

Every variety of Popular Pa-  
TENT MEDICINES, at the Lowest Prices.

SHAKERS ROOTS AND HERBS.  
Glass and Metallic vinyages of  
all sizes, with or without Cases.

Private apartments for apply-  
ing Trusses and Supporters, of which he has  
a large assortment from the best Manufacture.

Medicine Chests furnished or replenished.  
Bed Pans and feet Baths. Coarse and fine  
Sponges.

WASHING FLUID.  
Teeth, Nail, Hair, Cloth, Hair, Window,  
and Blacking Brushes.

Tobacco and Cigars, best  
qualities.

Port Monies, Dressing Cases, Cologne Stands  
&c., &c.

Each and every article sold at the lowest Cash  
Prices and Warranted.

A Competent Clerk sleeps in the Store,  
to attend upon his customers by night. Store open  
on the Sabbath from 9 to 10 A. M., 12 to 1 to 2-  
1-2, and from 4 to 6 P. M.

Remember the Number and Place.  
R. T. SLOCOMB,  
5 Kimball Block,  
Dec. 1850. 46

CURE FOR LUNG COMPLAINTS.  
DOWN'S ELIXIR.

IS a most effective remedy for Lung and Liver  
Complaints. It cures Coughs, Whooping  
Cough, Croup, Asthma, Bleeding at the Lungs,  
Bronchial affections, Cancer in the throat,  
stomach and Lung and Liver Complaints. It has  
cured many cases of what was believed to be  
confirmed consumption.

It is highly concentrated and sold in 2 oz. and  
4 1/2 oz. bottles at 50 cents and \$1 per bottle.  
Large numbers of certificates of its good ef-  
fects have been published, and we are constantly  
receiving new ones, but TRY IT, and it will be in  
your own best commendation.

CURE FOR WHOOPING COUGH.  
DOWN'S ELIXIR.

IS a very desirable Medicine to use in this com-  
plaint, and probably breaks up the cold more ef-  
fectually than any other known remedy.

It loosens the cough and enables the patient to  
raise easily and freely, thus saving the labor of  
hard Coughing.

If you have the Whooping Cough, or if your  
cough is severe, and you want to cure it, try  
coughing, hearse and use DOWN'S ELIXIR,  
and you will find it all we recommend it.

Sold by Druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

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Norwood, Camden; A. Sweetland, Goose River;  
A. Young, West Camden. 1y-45

GREAT BARGAINS  
—IN—  
BOOTS & SHOES,  
—AND—  
RUBBERS.

MY ENTIRE STOCK OF BOOTS, SHOES  
and RUBBERS, must and will be sold in  
30 days,

to make room for SPRING GOODS. Those in  
want of either or all of the above articles are  
respectfully invited to call, as I will sell at greater  
bargains than can be had elsewhere in town.

Please call at No. 3, Holmes' Block.  
Time till Dec. 31st, 1850.  
GEO. R. WHEELER.

And, don't forget the number.  
Rockland, Jan 20, 1850.

Soldiers' Claims and Bounty Land.

FRED. E. SHAW,  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

HAVING made arrangements with an Agent  
at Washington, for obtaining Pensions and  
Bounty Land, under the recent act of Congress,  
and having received the proper forms and in-  
structions from the Department, tenders his ser-  
vices to those who are entitled to the benefit of  
that act.

Office, No. 6, Kimball's new Block, up stairs.  
Dec. 1850.] ROCKLAND.

Fish, Fish!

ALL those in want of FISH can find them at  
the ROCKLAND FISH MARKET, next  
door to N. A. Farwell's store, where I endeavor  
to keep constantly on hand—Fresh, cold and  
pickled Codfish, pickled Halibut—heads, napes  
and fins. Mackerel, Herring, Tongues and  
Sausages. Fresh and Soused Lobster,  
ready for family use.

It is to be hoped the Market will receive suffi-  
cient patronage to warrant its continuance; the  
want of which has been so seriously felt hereto-  
fore.

Nov. 1850. CHAS. H. FLOWERS. 43.

Gutta Percha.

THE Subscriber will receive orders for the  
HUDSON MANUFACTURING COM-  
PANY'S New York. Orders filled at short notice  
for articles made from Gutta Percha—such as  
Driving Bands, Round Bands for Lathes, Suction  
and Aqueduct Pipes.

The Aqueduct pipe is recommended as posses-  
sing many advantages over metal.

Timothy Williams,  
John O'Neil,  
Ward Butler,  
Oscar Hardy,  
S. G. DENNIS, Agt.  
June 19th, 1850. 21H.

THE BEST CHANCE YET!

THE Public are invited to call and examine  
my stock of  
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and DOESKINS,  
before making their purchases, as I feel confident  
that my prices are so very reasonable that they  
will make a saving of at least

20 per cent,  
by so doing. Also on hand a good assortment of  
—READY MADE SACKS.

All of which will be offered low, by  
C. G. MOFFITT,  
No. 2, Holmes' Block,  
Rockland, January 1st, 1851. 1

# FOSTER'S MOUNTAIN COMPOUND

FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE  
HAIR.

Foster's Mountain Compound for the  
Ladies' Toilet. It possesses qualities never be-  
fore combined, in which are blended the most po-  
tential and agreeable perfumes, imparting to the  
Hair a beautiful Silky Moisture. It is the  
result of 15 years' experience of the proprietor.

One bottle of it is worth more than its weight in  
California Gold. Its high reputation from dis-  
tinguished individuals, and the press universally  
warrants its superiority for the cure of all dis-  
eases of the Scalp, Baldness, gray and falling  
Hair. It is sought after by the elite and fash-  
ionable in all the principal cities of the Union,  
as the only safe and effective remedy for re-  
storing the Hair, cleansing the skin, removing  
dandruff, &c. Its unbounded success and ex-  
tensive demand has induced inexperienced quacks  
to bring into the market many spurious transpa-  
rent nostrums, made almost entirely of alcohol,  
which are exceedingly deleterious and as having  
to the first causes of baldness, leaving the hair  
drier and in worse condition than at first. Be-  
ware of these quackeries. Try Foster's Moun-  
tain Compound, gentlemen and ladies—we say  
try it. Test the following.

MA H. W. FOSTER: Dear Sir—Last Spring my  
hair began to fall off so rapidly, that in the course  
of four or five weeks it became very thin, so thin  
that I made up my mind to be bald entirely, but  
casually one day I saw a notice of your Moun-  
tain Compound in the Mercantile Journal, speak-  
ing very candidly of the effects of it upon the  
hair. I was induced to buy a bottle of one of your  
Agents, (P. Brown) and try it. Before I had  
used the Compound entirely up, I found my hair  
beginning to grow again, and purchased several more  
bottles, and followed the directions strictly, and  
now I am more than happy to say that my hair  
is as thick as it ever was, and free from dandruff  
and scurf. Yours truly,

HENRY A. CHAPMAN,  
State street, Boston.

MA H. W. FOSTER: Dear Sir—I wish you to  
send me by the bearer, half a dozen of your Com-  
pound. My wife continues to use it, and she is  
much indebted to it for her fine head of hair. She  
lost it in 1843 she lost it nearly all, and was quite  
bald to three or four months after she began the  
use of your Compound. She looks so differently  
from when she did six months ago, that people  
scarcely now know her who knew her once  
that time. DANIEL CHAFFIN M. D.,  
Dorchester, Mass.

Whole and Retail by S. W. Fawcett  
Boston.

AGENTS—R. T. SLOCOMB, E. Thompson,  
PRINCE, Thomaston. 25 S 17r.

DOCTOR YOURSELF!  
FOR 25 CENTS!!!

BY MEANS OF THE  
POCKET ESCULAPIUS, OR  
EVERY ONE HIS OWN PHYSICIAN!

Large numbers of certificates of its good ef-  
fects have been published, and we are constantly  
receiving new ones, but TRY IT, and it will be in  
your own best commendation.

CURE FOR WHOOPING COUGH.  
DOWN'S ELIXIR.

IS a very desirable Medicine to use in this com-  
plaint, and probably breaks up the cold more ef-  
fectually than any other known remedy.

It loosens the cough and enables the patient to  
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hard Coughing.

If you have the Whooping Cough, or if your  
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Office, No. 6, Kimball's new Block, up stairs.  
Dec. 1850.] ROCKLAND.

Fish, Fish!

ALL those in want of FISH can find them at  
the ROCKLAND FISH MARKET, next  
door to N. A. Farwell's store, where I endeavor  
to keep constantly on hand—Fresh, cold and  
pickled Codfish, pickled Halibut—heads, napes  
and fins. Mackerel, Herring, Tongues and  
Sausages. Fresh and Soused Lobster,  
ready for family use.

It is to be hoped the Market will receive suffi-  
cient patronage to warrant its continuance; the  
want of which has been so seriously felt hereto-  
fore.

Nov. 1850. CHAS. H. FLOWERS. 43.

Gutta Percha.

THE Subscriber will receive orders for the  
HUDSON MANUFACTURING COM-  
PANY'S New York. Orders filled at short notice  
for articles made from Gutta Percha—such as  
Driving Bands, Round Bands for Lathes, Suction  
and Aqueduct Pipes.

The Aqueduct pipe is recommended as posses-  
sing many advantages over metal.

Timothy Williams,  
John O'Neil,  
Ward Butler,  
Oscar Hardy,  
S. G. DENNIS, Agt.  
June 19th, 1850. 21H.

THE BEST CHANCE YET!

THE Public are invited to call and examine  
my stock of  
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and DOESKINS,  
before making their purchases, as I feel confident  
that my prices are so very reasonable that they  
will make a saving of at least

20 per cent,  
by so doing. Also on hand a good assortment of  
—READY MADE SACKS.

All of which will be offered low, by  
C. G. MOFFITT,  
No. 2, Holmes' Block,  
Rockland, January 1st, 1851. 1

# CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED!

SCHENCK'S  
PULMONIC SYRUP,  
A SPECIFIC REMEDY

FOR THE CURE OF  
CONSUMPTION, LIVER COMPLAINT,  
DYSPEPSIA, SCROFULA,  
Palpitation of the Heart,  
COUGHS, COLDS, &c.

It has been before the public upwards of twelve  
years, during which time scarcely an individual  
has used it without finding relief. It has suc-  
ceeded in cases where all other remedies have  
failed, and the proprietor conscientiously believes  
—from its great success, that it is the best re-  
medy for these diseases ever discovered.

The elements of which this syrup is composed,  
are simple herbs and roots, the medicinal prop-  
erties of which purify the blood, strengthen the  
system, and give a healthy tone to the lungs and  
digestive organs. Its operation upon the system  
is mild, yet efficacious; it loosens the phlegm,  
which creates so much difficulty when tight; it  
relieves the cough, it assists nature to expel from  
the system all diseased matter, by expectoration,  
which, if continued, produces Consumption. It ri-  
pens matter in an abscess or tubercle, and then  
causes its expulsion from the system, at the same  
time soothing the assailed parts, healing the lac-  
eration, making a healthy part; it regulates the  
bowels without the aid of purgative medicines,  
it allays the most troublesome cough without in-  
juring the system, as most medicines do, as it  
does not contain any mercury, calomel, opium  
or any deleterious drug whatever. In short, it  
is truly what has been called the Consumptive's  
Friend; for wherever it has been used, it invari-  
ably produces happier results than any other re-  
medy, soothing the pillow of the sick, and by its  
healing properties, restores, in the majority of  
cases, the sufferer to his former health.

Nearly every patient who has used it, by a per-  
severance in its use, has felt its healing influ-  
ence; and by continuing its use, a perfect cure  
has been effected. The reason for this is obvious,  
as Pulmonic Syrup is compounded upon the  
principles of sound medical philosophy, and has  
stood the test of years of trial, and many members  
of the medical profession who were prejudiced  
against the use of this great remedy, have had  
those prejudices removed by witnessing its tri-  
umphant success, and are now using it in their  
practice.

The Proprietor of this medicine was himself,  
many years ago, reduced so low as to be given  
up by his physicians and friends, in the last stage  
of Consumption, and his case appeared to be be-  
yond the reach of any remedy. He then used the  
Pulmonic Syrup, which he now offers to the pub-  
lic, and was the means of curing him.

We append a list of those parties, residing in  
the city, who have voluntarily come forward and  
given their written approval of it:—

WM. GAVETT, 10 1/2 Pleasant street.  
EDITH OLLIVIER, 10 1/2 Pleasant street.  
MR. WORTHINGTON, Editor Traveller.

A. H. BAILEY, 26 Washington street.  
MR. COBB, Editor Christian Freeman.  
WYMAN OSBORN, 12 State street.  
R. L. ROBBINS, Dentist, Howard street.  
EDITOR OF THE WASHINGTONIAN.

JOHN A. FRENCH, Editor Herald.  
G. W. BRIGGS, Bookseller, corner of Essex  
and Washington st.

PAMPHLET—giving a History and Description  
of the character and variety of Consumption,  
accompanied with certificates from patients whose  
cases had been standing in this city, and other  
places, showing the manner in which they have  
been cured as the above mentioned diseases, can  
be had at the office, No. 8 State street—Gratis.

Orders should be addressed to  
J. H. DRING & CO.,  
No. 8 State street, Boston.

PRICE, \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5.  
Sold in Rockland by R. T. SLOCOMB; Thomaston,  
Christopher Prince; Portland, E. Mason;  
Dartmouth, A. G. Page; Belfast, W. O. Poor; Bangor,  
W. H. Ingraham; Augusta, W. S. C. 1y-45

N. B. Doct. Schenck will visit Rockland on  
Friday and Saturday, Jan. 17 and 18, and will  
receive patients at Barry's Hotel. For further  
particulars enquire of R. T. SLOCOMB,  
(45 6m.) 5 Kimball Block.

C. COFFMAN, M. D.  
BOTANIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

HAVING located himself in the village of  
East Thomaston with the intention of making  
it a permanent residence, for the practice of  
medicine upon the reformed plan, would respect-  
fully give notice that he will hold himself in  
readiness, at all times, to wait on those who may  
require his professional assistance in this town  
or vicinity.

In relation to his qualifications, Dr. C. would  
simply state that he is a graduate of the Botanic  
Medical College of Ohio, and has, in addition to  
this, attended a course of Medical Lectures in  
Harvard University. As he has been frequently  
asked, in this place, if he practiced upon this  
and upon that "branch" of his profession, Dr. C.  
would also say, that he has practiced the Botanic  
system in ALL its departments for the last eight  
years, and with this experience to guide him  
and by assiduity and attention to the duties of his  
profession, hopes to deserve and receive a share  
of public patronage.

HOUSE opposite the Universalist Church.  
OFFICE over the Old Post Office.  
East Thomaston, July 5th 1850. 19 22\* 21.

Bounty Land for Soldiers,  
OF THE WAR OF 1812.—of the Florida and  
other Indian Wars since 1790, and for the  
Commissioned officers of the War of 1812, who  
served for one month and upwards, and have  
received no land.—(and if dead, for their  
widows or minor children.) obtained under the  
new law by HORATIO WOODMAN, 26  
Railroad Exchange, Boston, who has an Agency  
at Washington.

No charge unless successful. He has Agenc-  
ies in the Western States for the selection of  
lands and location of warrants, by personal in-  
spection, and pays the highest cash price for  
land and stock sold.

Oct. 15, 1850. 38 1yr.

FOSDICK & CO.,  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS

AND  
AGENTS FOR THE CRESCENT CITY LINE  
New York and New Orleans  
PACKETS,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

REFERENCES: Foster & Nickerson, Brett  
& Vose, D. & A. Kingsland, & Co., Johnson &  
Snodden, Ralph Post, Merritt & Co., Sturges, Cle-  
man & Co., C. H. Rogers & Co., New York.  
Nickerson & Co., N. F. Cunningham, & Co.,  
Waukegan, & Tappan, E. D. Bingham & Co.,  
Bosox, Cady and Aldrich, Providence, R. I.  
Finch & James, New Haven. Andrews &  
Merriam, East Thomaston.

Prepared and sold by CLARK, PORTER & CO.,  
No. 182 Washington-st., Liberty Tree Block,  
Boston.

For Sale by DR. G. LUDWIG, only agent  
at East Thomaston. Also by C. D. Wearce Port  
land, L. Emery, Bloomfield; Christopher Prince,  
Thomaston; and Rust & Young, Paris. 6m24

Only 20cts.

J. F. Holman's Imp'd Bitters,  
IN PINT BOTTLES.

AND composed of Sarsaparilla, Dandelion,  
Wild Cherry, &c., are the best that can be  
taken during the spring and summer months, for  
Weakness of the Stomach.

Dr. G. LUDWIG, Agent.  
Rockland, August, 1850. 28

FRED. E. SHAW,  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW  
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

ROCKLAND, Me.  
OFFICE—No. 6, Kimball's new Block.  
Dec. 1850. 45H.

LAST CALL.

THOSE indebted to the Estate of the late  
Dr. E. HARDING are now called upon to  
make payment, as all matters connected with  
the above Estate have been closed.

Rockland, Jan. 20th, 1851. 12H.

PATENT POLISH.

FOR Furniture, Marble, and Patent Leather.  
For sale by R. T. SLOCOMB.

# SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.



**HAT AND CAP DEPOT**  
**THE** Subscriber has the pleasure to inform his friends and the Public that he has received his  
**SPRING STYLE OF HATS AND CAPS,**  
 for elegance and durability none surpass them Rockland or elsewhere.  
**J. HARRINGTON**  
 Rockland, March, 5th 1848.



